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MOONLIGHT.

MOONLIGHT,

A POEM:

52438

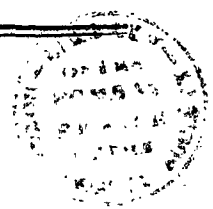
WITH SEVERAL COPIES OF VERSES:

B1577

BY

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

The mind of man is like the ebbing sea,
O changeful Dian, over-sway'd by thee.



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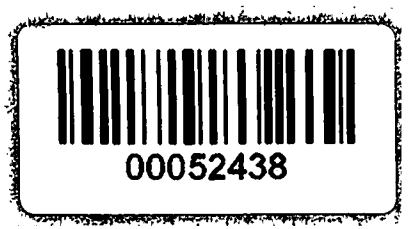

TO

JOHN, LORD ELDON:

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN:

HIGH STEWARD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

My Lord,

In this fair Morning of the Liberty of Europe, after a long Night of Solicitude, and Counsel, in which Your Lordship's Wisdom has been eminently seen; I approach Your Lordship with a Poem, which, it may be, shall beguile You of some Moments of severer Thought. This Labour of two Days, otherwise undeserving of Your Lordship's Favour, I present to You on two Accounts: first, because I conceive, that it contains no Thought unworthy of Your Lordship's Greatness, founded on Virtue; and, secondly, because I have herein expressed my boundless Debt of Gratitude to Him who preceded Your Lordship in the Chair of Counsel and State; and Who, as He was the Ornament and Founder of his Family, so was He a fair and majestick Pillar of the Commonwealth. Between Him and Your Lordship there

ever existed a wise and affectionate Friendship: and I, therefore, commit to Your Favour my own humble Tribute to his Memory, and the Verses, which I have preserved, of his Writing; wherein Your Lordship's excellent Taste and Learning will discover, that no greater Man had been in the Translating of the elder Poets, if either his Fortune, or his Pleasure, had led him to that Pursuit. Desiring to live in Your Lordship's Favour, I subscribe Myself, in all Truth,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and faithful Servant,

November 18, 1813. THURLOW.

MOONLIGHT.

COME then, diviner Muse, and dwell with me:
Since the great princes of the world, confin'd
Within the pomp and pageantry of state,
Deny thy presence, to whose searching eye
The world, and its ambition, is a dream,
And all its glorious and loud-sounding pomp,
Charmful to sense, well weighed in thy ear,
But musick to a spectacle of woe;
Come then, diviner Muse, and dwell with me:
I offer thee my heart, and with it too

Such entertainment as that heart can give,
A fellowship of thought, a deep desire,
E'en to the verge of madness, to pursue
The track of meditation, whilst the Moon,
Emerging from the lightly-flying clouds,
Laughs in her pomp, and, with her palest light,
Sits Arbitress in the mid plains of Heav'n;
Come then, diviner Muse, and dwell with me.

What hinders, but, with sad and silent feet,
Hands in each other lock'd, and eyes cast down,
On which the cloud of Meditation sits,
We wander o'er the lawns, and seen of none,
Amidst the pale dominion of the Night,
Hold converse with the habitants of Heav'n?

Now Silence is in air, and sound is none:
Save, where the owl from out her ivied bow'r
Hoots joyous at the Moon, and sprinkled stars,
That shine, like di'monds, in the blue serene:
(Blest harbingers of bliss, and beacons fair,

That guide our wand'ring footsteps through a world
Of errour, that our falt'ring feet beguiles;
I gaze on you with love, and rising hope,
That when the mass of this empoised globe
Is purg'd by fire, I, rising with the host
Of countless spirits to your utmost sphere,
Shall wake the Song of Morning, and admit
My sequent charge to the Archangels' gate.
O, what a dross upon our earthly robes
In that assuaging furnace shall be lost!
Pride, avarice, and lust; with all the bane
Of envy, the malignant scum, that chokes
The fountain of sweet thought; with direful hate,
And ill-advised anger, that bedims
The Sun's bright presence in this balmy world.
There too is Night, where the Archangels dwell;
But Night serene, unvisited by storms,
And fed with golden cressets from the hand
Of Love immediate, prodigal of truth.
Thy Sister too is there, O silver Moon,
Thy primal Sister, from whose image fair

Thy form was taken; there too Hesperus,
The unalloyed lamp, that wakes the Eve;
And that pure star, that, orient to the day,
From out the bosom of sad Night, displays
His kindling fire; lights, too, numberless,
As are the leaves of Autumn, or the sands,
That pave the margin of grey Ocean's tide.
For what is this brave sphere, and perfect round,
But image and brief abstract of the space,
That shines above, wherein the Angels dwell,
And with celestial colloquy divide
The Seasons, as they pass, of day and night,
As do the wise and good in this our sphere?
So let us talk till morning; tho' alone,
With Angels let us talk, and with the stars,
That shine, as eyes, upon this lunar world,
Diverging upon day, ere yet the air,
With fragrance of the dewy Morn embalm'd,
Strike on our sense, and touch the faulted ghost,
That wanders from its deep sojourn, with awe
Of Proserpine, that to her biding calls,

And love, reluctant to forsake its haunt;
They follow, as the falcon to the lure.

What soul, that lives, from off this upper stage
Has down descended to the gate of woe,
Where Cerberus, the cruel worm of Death,
Keeps watchful guard, and with his iron throat
Affrights the spirits in their pale sojourn?
What soul, that lives, yet living, has ta'en flight
From off the fenced platform of the world,
And, borne on the soft pinions of the Spring,
Or the sweet Summer, to the blissful soil
Has view'd the planets from the edge of Heav'n?
Or with a shorter wing the flight of doubt
Has flown, uncertain, to that veering realm,
That middle empire of th' inconstant air,
(A flight, that must be ta'en in Moons eclips'd,)
Wherein the Spirits, neither bad nor good,
That know no measure of their fruitless time,
Waste time and hope in their unhoped change?
No soul has flown unto the gate of woe,

Or to the blissful soil, or brush'd the shore
Of Limbo with its wings; or flown, and liv'd:
But yet intelligence from these has come,
By angels, and pale ghosts, and vexed fools,
That, straying as they wont, were blown athwart
The nether world, from the oblivious pool
Scarce 'scaping, on our scornful marge to land;
Thence to be blown by ev'ry idle wind,
Their tale half told, with a new flight of fools,
Eclectick, to the planetary void.
But, be it well advis'd, the learned ear
Alone can taste their mission, or the eye
Of Wisdom their approaching steps foretell:
Thou, then, O Muse, beneath the burning stars,
Guide me in converse with angelick minds,
And with the fleeting spirits, and protect
My soul, unus'd, from the vain talk of fools.

Awhile, O dear Companion of my steps,
Awhile to this seclusion let us pass,
Where, underneath the laurel and the yew,

The owl loud hooting to the frosty air,
Reposing in this shade our dewy feet,
We may observe the Chariot of the Moon
Wheel her pale course through the mid plains of Heav'n.
Link we our souls unto her burning wheels,
And, in her flaming orbit, let us pass
O'er sea and land in our entranced thought!
Oh me, what a prodigious height we soar
Above the bright expanse; how trifling seem
The little aims and troubles of the world,
That with their flimsy bondage yet enthrall
Great souls, of birth to win the arched Heaven!
Where is the speck, for which great Cæsar fought,
For which great Julius in the Senate died,
The sceptre of the World, so call'd by him,
Who led Æneas from the flames of Troy,
Through woe and shipwreck to Lavinia's coast?
Tell me, O Muse, if any eye can tell,
Where is the godlike Alexander's march,
The king of kings, the horned Ammon's son,
Spoiler of Greece, that, stabbing Persia's heart,

Wash'd his soil'd axles in the Indian sea?
Where is that sea? or where, indeed, the world?
The boundless world, by the great Poets sung?
A kingdom? or a province? or a field?
A speck, that the exalted mind can scarce
Discern, amid the wilderness of air!
How pleasant, to consider at his toil
The pale Geographer, with wakeful thought,
The compass in his hand, the open page
Of some great ancient tracer of the hills
And rivers from their source, before him laid,
With careful hand adjusting to each king
His portion of pass'd earth, and marking well
What here to Greece or Artaxerxes 'long'd:
O, this is lunatick, and well deserves
The sounding lash, (cruel expedient,
And ill-abus'd to heighten Nature's woe!)
If the fair picture of this insect world
Were well presented to our purged thought,
And man taught well on what small stage he play'd.
But hold! the abuse of passion here has sway;

Nor let our startled Nature in amaze
Put aught dishonour on the learned toil,
That keeps a RENNEL from his balmy sleep!

Then now, O Muse, alighting from the car
Of that pale traveller, the crescent Moon,
Wakeful Diana, let us sit, and think,
By the bright glow-worm's lamp, that twinkling plays
Upon the dewy grass, what causes lead
The unembodied spirit to appear
In semblance of its person, to dislodge
Clear courage from the startled hearts of men?
Love opes the gate of Erebus; and God
Permits the streaming spirit to ascend,
Impatient of its woe, the while the Moon
Beguiles the over-dreaming Night, and sinks
The fair Creation in a deep repose.
Then walk the silent Spirits to the beds
Of Lovers, on whose lids the tears are wet,
And, waking their o'er-wearied sense, present
The image too belov'd, with gentle hope

And soft assurance of renew'd delight,
When Death shall lead them through the World's sad gate
Revenge, too, and immortal Pity draw
The Spirit from its home, where'er it be;
To wander by the glimpses of the Moon,
And overcome the guilty with the sight
Of re-appearance in the form of woe:
Or else to warn the soft and trusting soul,
That in its safety joys, and fondly sleeps
Upon the edge of peril, of new woe,
That shall awake it to eternal doom.
By rivers, and on lawns, in cypress shades,
In monumental yards, and ivied towers,
Whilst the owl hoots to the uprising fires
Of Hesperus, they haunt, and thence divide
Upon their sev'ral errands, till the lamp,
The harbinger of Morn, awake the East.
Kings, Poets, Virgins, Warriors, whose renown
Has fill'd th' expansive circle of the World,
And Shepherds, that of love disastrous died;

In armour, in soft stoles, in peasant weeds,
Or in the robes of thought, with laurel crown'd:
Touch'd by the dream of Life, they re-ascend
From their oblivious haunt, and feed their sense
With expectation of the matin ray.
Not less in number, than the nascent stars
That shine upon their woe, or the soft crowds
Of Daffodils, that in the early Spring
Awake the hill of Mountfield to delight:
But long ere Morn with her awak'ning trump
Disperse the shadows of thin night, they flee,
Thick as Autumnal leaves upon the shore
Of Vallombrosa, at Proserpine's call,
And warn'd by Phosphor, to their penal home.
Ah, hapless Spirits! but the day shall come,
When Mercy on that silent shore shall reign,
And that too-troubled dream of endless woe,
In which the senses wander, as a pool,
Conclude in bliss, amid immortal bow'rs!

I question then, O Muse, in love divine,
Where that immortal Spirit * may abide,
That in his just vocation of this world,
With favour of the King, maintain'd the sway
Of jurisprudence in this triple realm?
Well known to thee: that, in his aged thought,
With Homer and great Danté did converse,
And sweet Euripides, whose mournful song
Flows in his numbers, like the silver Po,
In weeping tribute to the Adrian sea †.
For since the stars have shed discursive light,
With favour, on our globe, no greater mind
E'er sat in judgement on the thoughts of men,
Or brought its noble faculties to bear
With more advantage on the publick weal:
In thought, in word, in action ever just:
Shield of the Poor; and, rising for his King,
Th' upright defender of His awful throne.

* Edward, Lord Thurlow, Chancellor of England.

† This alludes to the Chorus, translated by the late Lord Thurlow, from Euripides; which is printed at the end of this Poem.

Then, oh, may God forsake him not in death !
But that pure Spirit, that on cloudy Earth
Stood faithful to his King, and still upheld
His gracious Master's cause, be crown'd with light,
And in the fields of Æther sit, inclos'd
With glory, on a sempiternal throne !

Led by his hand, I first essay'd to walk,
O dear Companion of my earliest steps,
With thee, O Muse ; and from the beams of Morn
To the pale twilight sought thy converse sweet.
Whatever in old Greece or Rome was done,
Or else recorded of those actions pure,
From thee I learnt, and from his counsel sage.
Grave was he, and severe ; but gentle too ;
And underneath a rough exterior hid
A heart, which pity melted into tears.
Farewell, my Master, and my earliest Friend !
But not farewell of thee the memory ;
Since all I am in fortune, or in rank,
In thought, or my inheritance of fame,

Bating my nature, to thy care I owe;
I should be viler than the dog, that tears
The hand that fed him from his earliest youth,
If I forsook thee, or thy gen'rous cause:
The Seasons may pass on, and blanch my head,
And wither my shrunk cheek, and paint a map
Of woeful age upon my wrinkled brow;
But 'till the tomb outshuts me from the day,
And time disparts me from the things, that were,
Thy memory shall unimpair'd remain,
Boundless, as I must still be less, than thee:
While Spring shall for her blossoms be desir'd,
Or Summer for her sweets, while Autumn pale
With fruitage shall be crown'd, or Winter rule
In storms and tempests the dejected year,
So long, O my first Master, while I live,
Shall I forget not either thee or thine.

Where now is Homer? or great Virgil where?
Or in what shades does Ariosto walk,
That with Orlando's madness charm'd the world?

Where now is Danté? in what region pure
Of that unbounded world he sung so well?
Or Petrarch, that to love was sworn to death?
Or Tasso, in whose stately verse we see
Whatever the great Roman was before?
Where is Malvezzi, in whose bitter sense
The World may smile at its own Tragedy?
Or, if we turn to England in our thought,
Tell me, where Chaucer may be found? or where
Sweet Spenser, that from rebels fled to death,
His heart quite broken with the faulty time?
Where now may Milton meditate? or he,
That sung the praises of a country life,
Himself condemn'd in cities to abide,
The rebel's foe, forsaken by his king,
Ingenuous Cowley? but, above them all,
Tell me, O Muse, for thou alone canst tell,
Where is immortal Shakspeare, at whose birth
Great Nature was expended to the lees,
And Death forsook his empire o'er the world?
Or that extravagant and erring soul,

That fled in youth from out the bounds of Time,
Since nothing here was equal to his thought * ?
May God forgive him! wheresoe'er they be,
Or in the Moon, or in the sprinkled stars,
Dividing day and night with punctual love,
Or else laid up within the silent Earth,
To bud abroad, like flow'rets, in the prime
Of Summer, when the wakeful trump shall blow;
This I pronounce without the awe of fear,
Time, were it lengthen'd out beyond the space,
That yet has pass'd o'er the created globe,
Redoubled to our sense, shall never yield
A harvest of such spirits to our hope.
When Phœbus to his billowy inn retires,
And Hesperus takes up the pleasing toil
Of giving light to this umbrageous world,
A thousand stars, inferior but divine,
Then turn our darkness into second day:
But in this intellectual world, our night
Is boundless prodigality of shade,

* The great, but unhappy Chatterton.

Shade without end, that no expectance knows
Of beamy Morning to the lapse of time.
So men have thought; whose thinking is held wise
May God avert this prophecy from truth!

Tell me, O Muse, beneath this silent Moon,
This Moon, that now beguiles us, as we sit,
While to our wakeful ear sweet Philomel
From out the lower woods is chanting now,
Tell me what cause, that in this later age,
Wherein by fortune we are placed here,
The souls of men, beneath this equal sky,
Should thus be spoil'd of their inheritance?
Are not the Seasons lovely, as before?
Do not the glancing lights of Heav'n persuade
With eloquence, as when of old they beam'd
On those wise heads, that now in marble rest?
Witness, O Moon, the fair and primal light,
That on the forehead of sweet Ev'ning burns,
And lights the midnight with a lamp of love,
(That now hast call'd me from my sleepy bed,

To walk beneath the shadows of thy beams,)
For universal Nature be thou pledge,
That all the works of God are equal fair,
As when created at the birth of time!
Doubtless they are, for, what from God proceeds,
Can never know decay, but wheel their orbs,
Or in their stations stand, with lovely light,
Uninjur'd, unimpaired, unalloy'd:
But in the minds of men, by sin defac'd
From their original brightness, change has found
A dwelling, though exil'd from Nature's works.
So is there moral blight, as in the air
The clouds of insects wither leaf and bud.
And now, O Muse, throughout the Poets' world
Great fault I find in musick, and in speech,
And in conception of their fabled thought.
For all is false: so novelty persuades
To aim at greatness, far beyond their grasp,
A phantom, that but lures them to decay.
Some with new measures trick the greedy ear,
That would disdain the musick of the stars,

Because, forsooth, it is of ancient date:
Some with such speech beguile the wond'ring time,
That if the triple-mouthed dog of Hell
Should howl a leash of languages at once,
Beneath the doubtful and eclipsed Moon,
His speech were plain simplicity to theirs:
And for their thought, O Jupiter! whate'er
Is base and retrograde from ancient time,
Wherein the minds of men were clean dispos'd,
That reigns in them complete and absolute.
This for the worse: but some there are, O Muse,
That, like the wakeful Nightingale we hear,
With fitful musick charm the wand'ring time.
Praise be to them: and let the ill expire,
Like falling meteors, in the depth of night.

How many tubes are levell'd at thy orb!
How many eyes are gazing with despair
From cells of madness at thy silver beams,
Wakeful Diana! that o'ersway'st the seas,
And of the tides of passion reignest queen.

Yet long they shall not gaze, or idly weep:
For now the glow-worm pales his twinkling fire;
The Nightingale is mute; and grey-ey'd Morn
Stands tiptoe on the silv'ry mountain's top:
Farewell, O Muse: and thou, sweet Moon, farewell,
'Till Night again shall give thee to my view.

The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, after His Retirement from Office, and generally from Publick Life, was accustomed to pass His Mornings in the Study of the great Greek and Roman Poets, and other Authors of Antiquity. It sometimes happened, that in His own Reading, or in directing my Studies, which He superintended with a Kindness and Care, which never seemed to be weary, His Mind would be struck with some Passage of eminent Beauty; and He would amuse Himself with translating it into Verse. Thus He translated the Chorus from Euripides; and the Battle of the Frogs and Mice from Homer; if indeed it be Homer's. These I have subjoined; for I think Milton could not have excelled the first; and that there is no finer Specimen of Mock-Heroick in our Language, than the Second. Thus in the mere Pursuit of Amusement, in His old Age, He has equalled what other, and greatest, Minds have done, setting for themselves Tasks of Labour, by which to arrive at the Accomplishment of Fame.

TRANSLATION

OF A

CHORUS FROM THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES,

BY EDWARD, LORD THURLOW;

SOMETIME LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Oh could I those deep Caverns reach,
Where Me, a winged Bird, among
The feather'd Race
Some God might place!
And rising could I soar along
The Sea-wave of the Adrian Beach!
And by the Po My Pinions spread,
Where in Their Father's ruddy Wave
Their Amber Tears His Daughters shed,
Still weeping o'er a Brother's grave!

Or to those Gardens make my Way,
Where carol the Hesperian Maids,
And He, who rules
The purple Pools,
The Sailor's further Course impedes,
The awful Limits of the Sky
Fixing, which Atlas there sustains!
And Springs Ambrosial near the Dome
Of Jove still water those rich Plains,
Whence to the Gods Their Blessings come.

1.

White-wing'd Bark of Cretan Wood,
Which across the Briny Main,
Over the Sea-raging Flood,
From Her happy Home our Queen
Conveyed, a most unhappy Bride,
In ill-starr'd Wedlock to be tied!

2.

Dire both Omens; when Her Flight
Left behind the Cretan Land;

And when Athens came in Sight;
Where on the Munychian Strand
They tie the Hawser's twisted End,
And on the Mainland strait descend.

3.

For unhallowed Passion rent,
Planted deep, Her lab'ring Breast,
Dire Disease, which Venus sent.
And, with sore Misfortune prest,
The Chord suspended from the Dome
Of Her ill-fated Bridal Room

4.

Round Her Milk-white Neck she 'll tie,
Dreading much the adverse Frown
Of the Goddess — prizing high
Her unspotted chaste Renown —
And from Her Heart resolv'd to move,
This only Way, the Pain of Love.

THE FROG-AND-MOUSE-FIGHT:

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY EDWARD, LORD THURLOW,

SOMETIME LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.)

CANTO THE FIRST.

BEGINNING first, I call upon the Choir
Of Muses to come out of Helicon
Into my Heart, and aid the Song, of late
Which in my Tablets on their Knees I lay,
The mighty Contest, warlike Toil of Mars,
Exulting to convey to all Men's Ears,
How rushing on the Frogs, the leading Mice
Rivall'd the Feats of Giant-Men, Earth-born:
And, as reported, thus the Tale begins —

One Day a thirsty Mouse, from Cats escap'd,
Thrust his soft Chin into a Lake hard by,

Enjoying the sweet Water: Him espied
Loquacious Pool-Diver, and thus bespake —

" Who art Thou, Guest? whence cam'st Thou to this Bank?
" Who is thy Father? and speak Truth in all,
" That I may n't catch Thee lying: If I find
" Thee worth my Friendship, I will take Thee home,
" And welcome Thee with hospitable Gifts,
" Many and good: For I am Bladder-Cheek,
" The King, throughout the Pool rever'd; Of Frogs
" Præscriptive Leader; Since Mud-Born, my Sire,
" In fond Embraces with his Pond-Rule mix'd,
" Engender'd me upon the Banks of Po.
" And I discern Thee also fair, and strong
" Above the rest, a scepter'd King, in War
" A Champion: but come, strait thy Birth disclose:"

Him Crumb-Catch answer'd quick in vocal Sounds;
" Why, Friend, *My* Birth demand, so known to Men,
" To Gods, and to the Fowl, who wing the Sky?
" My Name is Crumb-Catch, and I am the Son

" Of Nibble-Biscuit, my great-hearted Sire;
" Lick-Mill's my Mother, King Gnaw-Gammon's Child.
" She bore me in a Hole, and brought me up
" With Figs, and Nuts, and ev'ry sort of Food.
" But how make Me thy Friend, unlike in Kind?
" Thy Living is in Waters, but my Food,
" Whatever Man is us'd to eat. The Loaf
" Thrice-kneaded, in the neat round Basket kept,
" Escapes not Me, nor Wafer flat and long
" Mix'd with much Sesame, nor Bacon-Slice,
" Nor Liver, cloth'd in Jacket of white Lard,
" Nor Cheese, fresh curdled from delicious Milk,
" Nor the good Sweet-Meats, which the Wealthy love,
" Nor what else Cooks prepare to feast Mankind,
" Dressing their Dishes with each Kind of Sauce —
" Nor ever do I fly the deadly Shout
" Of War: But with the Host advancing straight
" The foremost Champions join; Nor Man himself
" I dread, although He bears so huge a Trunk;
" But scale his Bed, and bite his Fingers' Ends,
" And seize his Heel; and yet no Pain invades

" The Man, nor flies his sweet Sleep at my Bite.
" But these two chief I fear in all the Earth,
" The Hawk and Cat; who work me heavy Woe;
" And doleful Trap, where treach'rous Death resides;
" And most I dread a Cat of the first Kind,
" Who, when a Mouse takes Hole, belays the Hole.
" I eat no Cabbage, Radishes, or Gourd;
" Nor can I on pale Beet, or Parsley brouse;
" This is your Food, whose Dwelling is the Pool."

Bladder-Cheek smiling to all this replied:
" Upon the Belly's Fare Thou vauntest high,
" My Guest! We, too, have Wonders to behold,
" Numberless, both by Water and by Sod;
" For to the Frogs the Son of Saturn gave
" A Lot amphibious, to leap on Earth,
" And under Water hide their Body safe.
" If Thou would'st these explore, they are at Hand:
" I'll take Thee on my Back; but hold Me fast,
" Lest Thou be somehow lost; and so with Joy
" Safe at my Palace shalt Thou soon arrive."

He spake, and gave his Back: then with light Spring
The other mounted, holding with both Hands
His slimy Neck. At first He was much pleased,
Seeing Ports near, delighted with the Glide
Of Bladder-Cheek: but, now by purple Waves
Dash'd, his vain After-Thought with many a Tear
He wail'd, and tore his Hair, and strain'd his Feet
Close to his Side; within him shook his Heart
Unpractis'd; and He long'd to see the Land;
And sobb'd aloud by chilly Fear constrain'd.
His Tail He first into the Water plash'd,
Trail'd like an Oar, and praying of the Gods
To reach the Land: o'er Him the purple Flood
Dash'd noisy; aloud He bawl'd, and made this Speech;
But from the Mouth alone cajoling spake.

" Not so the Bull upon his Back sustain'd
" His lovely Burden, when to Crete He bore
" Europa through the Wave; as now the Frog
" To his Court sailing on his Back bears *Me*,
" O'er the white Flood, his yellow Body rais'd."

Sudden a Water-Snake appear'd, to both
A dreadful Sight, His Neck above the Wave
Erect; whom spying, Bladder-Cheek div'd down,
Without once thinking, what a Friend He thus
Was going in the Pool to overwhelm.
He gain'd the Bottom of the Lake, and shunn'd
Black Fate; thus left, the other fell forthwith
Supine into the Water; clasp'd his Hands
And scream'd, till He was lost; He often sunk
Beneath the Flood, and struggling oft again
He rose, not so to shun his Destiny.
His drench'd Poil* dragg'd him down with added Weight:
And, Water-slain, He loud exclaim'd these Words:

"Thou shalt not, Bladder-Cheek, by Gods unseen,
"Do thus from off thy Back, as from a Rock,
"Flinging Me wreck'd: at any Exercise,
"Villain! Thou could'st not foil Me, in the Race

* The word, *Poil*, is written so plainly in the Manuscript, that I cannot doubt its being the word intended by the venerable Writer: but, I confess, I know not its meaning; unless it be derived from the Latin word, *Pelles*; and signifies the Coat of the Mouse.

" Or Wrestling: now inveigled in the Pond
" Thou slayest Me: But God has vengeful Eyes:
" Thou 'lt rue it, nor escape the Host of Mice."

Thus saying, in the Flood He breath'd his last.
Lick-Table sitting on the oozy Bank,
Saw Him, and wailing ran to tell the Mice.
Learning his Fate, sharp Anger seiz'd Them all.
They bade the Heralds strait, by Dawn of Day
A Council call at Nibble-Biscuit's Court,
The wretched Sire of Crumb-Catch, Who, supine,
Lay floating, a dead Carcase on the Lake,
Not by the Bank, poor Mouse, but in Mid Pool.

CANTO THE SECOND.

WHEN with the Morning's Dawn in Haste They came,
Among the first, in Dudgeon for his Son,
Rose Nibble-Biscuit, and these Words address'd:
" Oh Friends, if I alone have yet sustain'd
" Much Wrong from Frogs, ill Turns await Us all.
" Wretched I am, for I have lost three Sons;
" The first a Cat, our deadliest Foe, surpriz'd,
" And slew Him taken just without his Hole;
" Again another Men remorseless kill'd,
" Having with modern Arts a wooden Gin
" Found out, They call a Trap, the Bane of Mice;
" The third, to Me and his good Mother dear,
" Bladder-Cheek took upon the Deep, and drown'd;
" But arm We, and go out against the Race;
" Our Bodies in gay Panoply array'd."

Thus saying, He induced Them all to arm.
And now Mars dress'd Them, on the War intent;

Greaves on their Legs They first girt, fitted well,
Of green split Bean Shells, such as over Night
They bit with Skill; and Gorgets, which were made
Of Reed-bound Leather, They with Art combin'd,
Flaying a Cat; the Lamp's Mid-Tin their Shield,
Their Spears long Needles, brazen Tools of War,
Their Helmet on the Head a Nutshell worn.

Thus arm'd the Mice; which as the Frogs perceiv'd,
They left the Water, in one Plot conven'd,
And held a Council of destructive War.
Now musing whence the Quarrel, what the Stir,
A Herald, with his Wand in Hand, approach'd,
Pot-Diver, of great-hearted Scoop-Cheese Son,
Denouncing baneful War; and thus He spake.

"Oh Frogs! the Mice, defying You, have sent
"To bid You arm for Battle and for War;
"For They saw Crumb-Catch in the Water slain
"By your King Bladder-Cheek; fight, therefore, all
"Among the Frogs, who take a valiant Lead."

This said, He disappear'd. Reaching their Ears,
The Message of the Mice disturb'd the Minds
Of the proud Frogs, and while They blam'd the Deed,
Bladder-Cheek rising thus began to speak.

" The Mouse I slew not, Friends, nor saw Him die,
" 'Twas merely by his playing on the Lake,
" And mimicking the Swimming of the Frogs,
" That He was drown'd; and now, most villainous,
" Without a Cause, they lay the Blame on Me;
" But come, let Us consult how to repel
" These treach'rous Mice: I 'll tell You what seems best;
" Our Bodies harness'd, let Us all be arm'd
" On the Bank-Top, where headlong is the Place;
" And when the Mice come out, and on Us rush,
" Seizing their Helmets, as each meets Us near,
" We 'll plunge Them strait all arm'd into the Lake;
" So drowning Them, in Swimming inexpert,
" We 'll raise a Trophy o'er the Mice here slain."

Thus having spoke, He clad them all in Arms;
With Mallow Leaves They cover'd round their Legs,
And Gorgets wore of broad green Beet, for Shields
The Leaves of Cabbages They fitted well,
A long sharp Rush each fashion'd to a Spear,
And Helmets of thin Snail-Shells hid their Heads.
They stood upon their Guard on the high Bank,
Shaking their Spears, and each was full of Wrath.

Jove in the starry Sky conven'd the Gods,
And, pointing to the warlike Multitude,
Strong Champions, many, huge, with long Spears arm'd,
As Hosts of Centaurs or of Giants march,
Ask'd with a gracious Smile, who were engag'd,
Among the Immortals, Frogs or Mice to aid?
And to Minerva He address'd his Speech.

"Thou, Daughter, sure wilt hasten to defend
"The Mice, who always dance before thy Fane,
"The Fume enjoying, and the sacred Food."

So spake the Son of Saturn; Pallas thus;
" Oh! never, Father, would I go to help
" The Mice distress'd, for they do Me much Harm,
" Spoiling my Wreaths, and Lamps, to get the Oil.
" And this much frets my Mind, which They have done:
" They gnaw'd my Robe I took such Pains to weave,
" Threading with slender Warp the slender Woof,
" And made Holes in it; Now the Clothier comes
" For Interest on Me: I am downright mad,
" I wove on Tick, and have it not to pay.
" But in like manner I 'll not aid the Frogs,
" For They are not discreet. But, weary once,
" And just return'd from Battle, wanting Sleep,
" Clam'ring They would not let Me wink the least;
" Sleepless I lay, and with an aching Head,
" Till the Cock crow'd. But let us, Gods, refrain
" Our Aid, lest some of You from Weapon sharp
" Receive a Wound; for in close Fight They meet
" In adverse Battle even with a God:
" Here looking on, let 's all enjoy the Fray."
She spake, and strait the other Gods complied.

CANTO THE THIRD.

As with a Whirlwind all together come
Into one Spot. Two Heralds also come,
Carrying the Signal for the Fight: The Gnats,
Holding great Trumpets, sound the dread Alarm
Of Battle; while Saturnian Jove on high
Thunders the Signal of disastrous War.

High-Croak first wounded Lap-well with his Spear;
Among the foremost, through the Belly pierc'd
In the mid-Liver, down He tumbled prone,
And soil'd his soft Down: Next him Creep-Hole spear'd
The Son of Mud-born, and his stubborn Lance
Fix'd in his Breast; Him falling sable Death
Surpriz'd, and from the Body fled the Soul.
But Love-Beet struck Pot-Diver to the Heart,
And slew Him; Munch-Loaf in the Belly hit
Loud-Clack, who falling prone, the Soul forsook
His Limbs. When Pool-Diver saw Loud-Clack slain,

With Rock as Millstone vast, He by Surprize
Struck Creep-Hole on Mid-Neck, and Darkness veil'd
His Eyes: at Him again with glitt'ring Spear
Lap-Well aim'd right, and in the Liver struck.
When Suck-Cabbage saw this, He fled, and fell
Down the deep Bank; but He escap'd not so:
He plung'd Himself into the Flood; He fell;
And never more look'd up; The Lake was stain'd
With purple Blood; He lay upon the Shore
Outstretch'd, his small Guts and fat Bowels mash'd.
Then Marsh-Love slew Scoop-Cheese upon the Bank;
At Sight of Scrape-Ham, Calamint took Fright:
Flying, He plung'd into the Lake, and threw
His Shield away. Water-Love slew the King
Gnaw-Gammon: with a Stone in Hand he struck
The fore-Part of his Head, and through His Nose
The Brain rill'd; and the Earth was splash'd with Blood.
Lick-Table slew good Mud-Bed with his Spear,
Assailing Him, and Darkness veil'd his Eyes.
Weed-Biter spying Hunt-Steam, by the Feet
Dragg'd Him, and strangled in the Marsh, his Neck

Clasp'd in his Hand. Crumb-Catch his dying Friend
Reveng'd, and wounded Mud-Robe in the Paunch,
To the Mid-Liver; prone He fell; His Soul
To Pluto went. This Mud-Foot seeing threw
A Handfull, grasp'd, of Soil at Him, and daub'd
His Forehead, and well nigh put out his Eyes;
Enrag'd, the other seizing with strong Hand
A mighty Stone, which lay upon the Plain,
The Earth incumb'ring, Mud-Foot smote with It
Below the Knees; the whole Right Leg was crush'd,
And down He tumbled in the Dirt supine.
Hoarse-croak, revenging Him, again assail'd
The Foe, and smote his Navel; the sharp Rush
Went all in; on the Ground his Bowels pour'd
Following the Spear, drawn out with violent Hand.
When Cate-Munch, on the Margin of the Flood,
Saw this, He limping from the Fight retir'd;
Afflicted much, He plung'd into a Ditch,
That He might shun by Flight a grievous Death.
But Nibble-Biscuit on the Instep smote
Bladder-Cheek; wounded quick He fled, and plung'd

Into the Lake: when Nibble-Biscuit saw
Him fall half dead, He rush'd on Him again
Eager to slay: but Weedy, when He saw
Him fall half dead, pass'd through the foremost Rank,
And darted his sharp Rush; which could not pierce
The Shield through, but his Spear-Point was repell'd.

There was among the Mice a stripling Boy,
Above the rest tall, fighting close, the Son
Of blameless Snare-Loaf; He resembled Mars
Himself, bold Scrap-Catch: singly He excell'd
In Battle all the Mice: He stood alone,
Aloof from others, by the Lake, elate
Threat'ning to end the Race of warlike Frogs:
And He had done it, for his Might was great,
Had not the Sire of Gods and Men look'd sharp.
But Jove took Pity on the ruin'd Frogs;
And, moving slow his Head, pronounc'd this Speech.

"Good Gods! important Deeds my Eyes behold;
"Scrap-Catch no little has astonish'd Me,

" Beside the Lake, with eager Eyes intent
" To cut the Frogs quite off: but send We quick
" Pallas, and also Mars in Battle strong,
" Bold as He is, to drive Him from the Field."

So spake the Son of Saturn: Mars replied;
" Neither the Might of Pallas, nor of Mars,
" Jove! will avail from grievous Death to save
" The Frogs: but let Us all go to their Aid:
" Or wield thy own great Giant-killing Arms,
" Of Force impetuous, wherewith the Chiefs
" Thou slewest of all the Titans, binding fast
" Enceladus, and those fierce Giant-Tribes."

He spake; and Jove his fiery Light'ning lanc'd;
It thunder'd first, and vast Olympus shook:
But then the dreadful Bolt, the Arms of Jove,
Whirling He sent; It flew from the King's Hand,
And, lighting, frighten'd all the Frogs and Mice.

Yet, not so check'd, the Mouse-Host press'd still more
To cut the Race of warlike Frogs quite off;

But that from Heaven the Son of Saturn saw
The Frogs with Pity, and strait sent Them Aid.

Sudden, with Anvil-Backs, and crooked Claws,
Marching awry, They came, in Track oblique,
Pincer-mouth'd, Shell-skinn'd, Bodies all of Bone,
Broad-back'd, their Shoulders shining forth, Bow-legg'd,
Their Joints well-knitted, in the Breast their Eyes,
Eight-footed, double-headed, many-claw'd,
They are call'd Crabs. Their Mouths snapp'd Tails of Mice,
And Feet, and Hands; and back their Spears were bent;
Whom the poor Mice shrunk under, nor bore up;
But turn'd to Flight. The Sun was setting now,
And of this One-Day War an End was made.

I ADD ALSO A TRANSLATION OF THE

PROLOGUE TO THE ANDRIAN OF TERENCE,

BY THE SAME NOBLE AND VENERABLE PEN.

WHEN first to write the Poet bent His Mind,
This only Task He thought Himself assign'd,
Such Fables, as might please the Town to write —
But He perceives the Thing is alter'd quite.
For writing Prologues He mispends in vain
His Labour, not the Subject to explain,
But th' old sour Poet's Railing to confute.
Now mind, pray, what the Fault is They impute.
Menander the Perinthian composed,
And Andrian: the Plots in both proposed
Were not so different, but one, who knew
Whichever well, must know the other too.
He owns from the Perinthian He transferred
Whatever with His Andrian fairly squared,

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And used it as His own. This They dispraise,
Contending that such Mixture spoils both Plays.
They are so knowing, that They nothing know,
Who, while on Him They foul Reproaches throw,
Nævius, Plautus, Ennius accuse,
Authors, whose Track our Poet but pursues,
More fond to emulate Their Negligence,
Than of these Men the grov'ling Diligence.
I warn Them to be quiet, and forbear
To slander, lest Their own Misdeeds They hear.
Attend with Favour, and with Patience try,
That what remains of Hope You may descry.
Whether His Plays, hereafter made quite new,
Will be seen out, or driven off by You.

LINES

ON THE VICTORY OF

CAPTAIN SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE, BARONET,

OVER THE CHESAPEAKE, IN THE AMERICAN SEAS.

Now had our Fleet, that, on the angry Main,
Despite of France, of Holland, and of Spain,
The Flag of England in full Triumph bore,
Been wreck'd at last upon the Western Shore.

Columbia's flag was fatal to our pride;
And We, that had the polish'd World defied,
Supreme in Courage, and in nautick Skill,
Were doom'd to know from petty Traitors ill.

The sad Reverses of inconstant Fate
Could not o'ercome our Courage with their Weight;
But England felt this, as a fatal blow,
To strike her Colours to so mean a Foe.

A Foe, that swims about the Wat'ry World,
Wherever Jove hath his bright Thunder hurl'd,
To pick by carriage on the doubtful Main
Our Island's refuse, and her thievish gain.

Long time she doubted, and long time forbore
To face the Thunder of the Lion's Roar:
But bribes from France, what courage could not do,
To war committed her rebellious crew.

Then the poor Senate, in their broken style,
Began the Queen of Nations to revile;
And Billingsgate, by Western wit made more,
Fill'd all the echoes of their knavish shore.

The Jails were open'd, and their cunning plann'd
A gen'ral search and rummage through the land,
That all the knaves, that in her bosom slept,
Like flocks of locusts, to their ships were swept.

Then their four Frigates, long laid up in mud,
Were slowly dragg'd to the unwelcome flood;
That, once a year, with trumpets passed o'er,
To scare the Dolphins, and dismay the Moor.

But now the *Citizens* the change shall know
Between a turban'd, and a Christian foe;
And *Commodores*, that brav'd it at Algiers,
Shall skulk in Ocean, lest we crop their ears.

Their souls being little, their occasions much,
And no relief from Frenchman, or from Dutch;
With their fat dollars they our men o'er-reach,
And taint their faith with their Satanick speech.

Some, that for debt were in their jails confin'd,
And some, for crime that left our shores behind,
Some weak, some mad, from their allegiance fell,
To find, that Treason is a mental Hell.

And well it was America did so,
The only hope of safety she could know;
For, let what will be, thus our fate is spun —
'Tis but by England, England is undone.

In mere despair with these their Tops they fill,
And triumph o'er us by their force and skill:
The Cannon, pointed by those English minds,
Awhile dispers'd Our Glory to the winds.

Then their few ships were of so vast a size,
That scarce our decks could to their port-holes rise;
We fought in flame, while they securely stood,
And swept our decks into the briny flood.

Oh! what brave spirits in the deep were lost,
Their Friends', their Country's, and their Nature's boast!
Who smil'd in Death, and, to their Country true,
Found all their Wounds were for their Fame too few!

But BROKE reveng'd them by his noble deed,
And in the SHANNON taught his foes to bleed:
Columbia, gazing on the adverse shore,
Beheld her glory and her cause no more.

Now, joyous light throughout our Nation burns,
While he in laurels o'er the Sea returns:
And, taught by Broke, Britannia now may view
What her brave SUFFOLK * to her foes can do.

Our gracious Master, with a sweet reward,
Has shown his faith was grateful to his Lord †:
And, brave himself as is the crystal light,
Has cloth'd with honour his courageous Knight.

November 19th, 1813.

* Sir Philip Broke is a gentleman of Suffolk.

† The Prince Regent was graciously pleased to create Captain Broke a Baronet of England, for his conduct in this Battle.

TO ROBERT SMIRKE, ESQ.

ON HIS BEAUTIFUL BUILDING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

When first I saw this fair and wond'rous pile,
The great example of the Dorick style,
And mark'd its wise proportions, how severe,
And yet how soft its beauty did appear,
The bright contention of each outward part,
Where Nature only was adorn'd by art,
Not overwhelm'd, as other builders use,
Who the rich stores of science still abuse,
But rais'd in separate glory to the sky,
As with the works of Nature born to vie;
Lost in delight, and in amaze I stood,
And pitied the old age, that, harsh and rude,
In humble dwellings the sweet scene pursu'd.

And as God fram'd the perfect work of Man,
Where all proportion in its search began,

To be the book and alphabet of love,
Where mighty builders their first science prove;
So this, hereafter, to our eyes shall stand,
The great Ephesian temple of our land,
And sweet Apollo, which thy art has plann'd.

Nor less in beauty, though that beauty be
Of all mankind the pure epitome,
And therefore to our architects the source
Of sweet proportion, and unerring force,
Where they may learn, from this thy rule sublime,
To charm the skies, and to out-question time;
Not less in these, than in fair use we weigh
The wond'rous genius, that these walls display,
That speak thee, Smirke, and boldly I declare
The faultless truth, the great Palladio's heir.

With fine delight, by Mathematicks taught,
A beauteous pile may to the skies be wrought,
In which the marble, or the stone, may vie
In likely form with brave eternity;

And wear a crown of beauty to outshine
Th' engilding Summer with its front divine;
But if the inward beauty be not like,
To win by use, as with delight to strike,
It shall be but a vizor, or a mask,
Which for intelligence we vainly ask;
Apollo to the eye; but to the mind
A vacant ideot, tongueless, deaf, and blind.

This faculty or soul, the light of Heav'n,
Thy hand with prodigal award has giv'n,
And fram'd its various chambers to the use
Of boundless passion, bating the abuse;
For that were like the fool of elder date,
Who thought by vast dimension to be great;
Whereas in life, as in the mimick scene,
The perfect virtue lives still in the mean;
And firmly lives: this thy fine nature knew,
And gave example, when this plan you drew.

And as the wisest Nature is forbid,
By silence or disuse if it be hid,
And only years and strict attention can
Discourse the perfect nature of the man;
Yet not completely, if we finely sought
From the first cradle, till his age were brought
To fill the second with o'er-lab'ring ill;
So may we read thee, and admire thee still;
Yet hope not, till this squared stone shall fall
To crumbling dust, or fire consume it all,
That, in prophetick light, in Theatres
Gives type and fashion of the World's decease,
An element, still fatal to the Stage,
That saves it from the sad expense of age,
(Wherein of old the Pope was wont to deal,
Now Bonaparte's vex'd malice doth reveal
Itself in fire;) we hope not to pursue
The map of knowledge, which in this you drew,
To full attainment, but content to find
Each day some new provision of your mind,

Expend our lives in wisely being taught,
How the great founders in their marble wrought
The book of wisdom, and the map of thought.

Thy genius was confin'd, and yet thy art
Will not that secret to the World impart:
But, like Apelles, when he form'd in thought
His boundless picture, this brave house hast wrought;
Free, as when Phidias his keen chisel sway'd,
To carve the marble of the matchless maid,
That all the Youth of Athens, in amaze
At that cold beauty, with sad tears did gaze;
(For love, t' expend itself, shall find no bar,
Or on a marble image, or a star;
But wander, in its nature unconfin'd,
As is thy genius, or th' unleased Wind;)
Thou, on one side hemm'd in by th' publick ways,
Yet didst this temple to bright honour raise;
And, in th' once pious Garden's near despite,
Didst lift these pillars, to out-match the light:
Great Architect, with wonder I pursue
The fancy of thy draught; and find too few,

Had I a hundred tongues, the words of praise,
Which they could yield me, while on this I gaze.

Then be it so: let Silence then persuade
Thy gen'rous nature, how our hearts are sway'd:
For silence is best praise, when wonder reigns:
Yet take this verse for thy immortal pains:
Thou here hast built a temple, and a dome,
Which shall exalt thee, for all time to come;
Unless the lightning in especial love
Shall this fair structure to the skies remove;
Snatch'd by the hand of Jove: though earthly fire
May be the outward signal of desire.
This may be so; and yet thy name shall live,
And to our publick works new glory give,
Where thou and Shakspeare uncontroul'd shall stand,
The mix'd delight and wonder of our land,
Till fire unfeign'd shall mar the World's design,
And wrap in ruin this our brave confine,
Unbounded Poet! Architect divine!

November.

VIRGIL'S GHOST.

I WALK in woods from Morning until Eve,
From Eve to dewy Night: and pitch my Camp
In the sepulchral forests, where the bird,
That fled from Tereus, weeps the livelong day:
And all the starry Night she weeps, and sings
Before the gate of Proserpine; a cave,
That leads from Dis into this upper World:
There dwell I, wheresoe'er that dwelling be,
Apart from kings; and with discursive ghosts,
Upon the edge of Morning, sweetly talk.
Now pale Bootes on the cavern shone;
And I, forsaking great Malvezzi's page,
Call'd with sweet voice unto that ghostly herd,
Which they are wont t' obey, for Maro's soul,
T' uprise, and visit the o'er-wakeful Moon.
I call'd; and Maro at the Summons came:

" What would'st thou, Son, with me?" I straight reply'd,
" O Poet, above all divinely wise,
" To whom the Sun and Moon were strictly known,
" The sprinkled Stars, and Seasons, that o'er-sway
" This fickle Globe, the Earth, and what it bears,
" Of Fruit, of Creatures, of immortal Man,
" With all, that in the lower realms of Dis,
" Far underneath the glimpses of the Moon,
" Have wakeful being; tell me now, I pray,
" What, in this wand'ring errour of the World,
" Best medicine for Sorrow, may be found
" To lull th' oblivious evil into Peace?"
I said; and Maro, with sad tears, reply'd;
While, overhead, the wakeful thunder roll'd,
As when it passes o'er Oblivion's shore:
" Great is the task, O Son, and various minds
" With various solace lull the poignant woe:
" Some in wild passion steep the troubled breast,
" And some with sweet Nepenthe lull the mind,
" And some with herbs of mere forgetfulness:
" Their potency is much; and men may stay

" The orbit of the Moon with herb and song;
" And so the sov'reign reason may assuage:
" But open wide the porches of thine ear;
" Believe it, with the sanction of my soul,
" That, worn with study, sought Proserpine's shore;
" *A Pot of Porter, O my Gracious Son,*
" *Shall best resolve thy question, if 'tis drawn*
" *From a sweet tap, where the resort is much.*"
He said; and vanish'd, like the dews of Night.

TO ITALY,

ON THE DIVINE SINGING OF MADAME CATALANI.

Not that thy Beauty from the Tramontanes
Is fenc'd by Mountains of eternal Snow;
Not that great Jove into the silver Po
Struck Phaëton, that lost the Solar Reins;
Not that the golden Orange on thy Plains,
And fatt'ning Olives in full Sweetness blow;
Nor that thy Lakes into Avernus go,
While sparkling Summer on their Surface reigns;
No; nor that that enlighten'd Hill* doth shine,
The Torch of Nature, through the radiant Night,
Can make thy Coast, O Italy, divine:
But this thy Glory, this thy sacred Light;
That CATALANI, whom all Tongues incline
To speak immortal, is by Birth thy Right.

* Vesuvius

THE ORANGE TREE:

A SONG.

FAIR blossoms the Orange, and long may it bloom,
And yield a sweet fragrance, ungrateful to Rome;
Beneath the deep shade of its time-spreading boughs,
In the bright blushing Bacchus we steep our warm vows:
O the bright Orange,
NASSAU's blooming Orange,
Long, long may it blossom, the pride of that House!

Religion first planted the beautiful Tree,
And Liberty kept it from evil still free,
From blasts of the Winter, and blights of the Spring—
'Till, Oh! a sad Season misfortune did bring:
O the bright Orange,
NASSAU's blooming Orange,
Again shall it blossom, the Garden's sweet king!

God smiles on the Orange; and Men love its shade;
For the Leaves not in Winter, unchanging, will fade;
Still true to its Nature, it mocks the dark skies,
And, unharm'd by the Lightning, the tempest defies:
O the bright Orange,
NASSAU's blooming Orange,
Again in new beauty its blossoms arise!

Then bathe its sweet Roots in the juice of the Vine,
And in Songs of bright beauty declare it divine,
Let the fairest of Women still haunt the soft shade,
And the bravest of Soldiers still rise for its aid!
O the bright Orange,
NASSAU's blooming Orange,
Belov'd of all Nature, the Tree cannot fade!

December 21.

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY:

POET LAUREATE.

Poet, whose Soul, to Liberty devote,
Has finely spoken in immortal Song,
And with Her borne all English Hearts along,
That can th' uplifted Mind from Evil note,
I think Thee fit, though Envy be afloat,
To walk, a Peer, amid that learned Throng,
That, sweet in Fancy, and in Virtue strong,
Have sway'd the Ear of Glory with their Note.
When Time shall throw his Laurels on thy Herse,
And weeping Lays be sprinkled on thy Bier,
But be that long! then thy immortal Verse
Shall be to Petrarch, and to Spenser dear;
To whose sweet Souls Thou sweetly shalt rehearse
Thy Musick, born for that Angelick Sphere!

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AND NASSAU,

SOVEREIGN PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

THY Sov'reign Honour, and Thy Kingly Sway,
Well blazon'd by the artful Poet's Song,
Shall save Thee, ORANGE, from th' unnumber'd Throng,
That, like the Leaves of Autumn, flit away,
Call'd by sad Death to be Oblivion's Prey,
And over-heap'd by Time's invidious wrong:
Ah me, how many, thy sweet Peers among
Shall wail, lamenting, for their natal Day!
But thou, a Star, that from the briny Foam
Is finely lighted in the sparkling Morn,
Shall burn in Glory to thy sacred Home,
And the wild Air, and Ocean well adorn:
I first of Poets, 'mid the darkling Gloom,
Saw thee to Light and fine Distinction born!

ON BEHOLDING BODIAM CASTLE,

ON THE BANK OF THE ROTHER,

IN SUSSEX.

O THOU brave Ruin of the passed Time,
When glorious Spirits shone in burning Arms,
And the brave Trumpet, with its sweet Alarms,
Call'd *Honour!* at the Matin Hour sublime,
And the grey Ev'ning; thou hast had thy Prime,
And thy full Vigour, and the eating Harms
Of Age have robb'd Thee of thy warlike Charms,
And plac'd Thee here, an Image, in my Rhyme:
The Owl now haunts Thee, and Oblivion's Plant,
The creeping Ivy, has o'er-veil'd thy Towers;
And Rother, looking up with Eye askant,
Recalling to his Mind thy brighter Hours,
Laments the Time, when, fair and elegant,
Beauty first laugh'd from out thy joyous Bowers!

TO

JOHN, LORD ELDON,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

HIGH STEWARD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

LIKE as the Lights, that on the globed Sphere
With fine Discernment to our Senses play,
And Night, and the divided Season sway,
With Glory, and Adornment of the Year;
Making what is, since making to appear
What God has planted, our Abode t' allay
With Pleasance and with Use, which else were Prey,
But for that Grace, to Sorrow and to Fear;
So shine the Wise to our o'er-darken'd Sense,
That great Orion in just Thought is pale,
And Phosphor dim; so thy bright Excellence
Against the Clouds of Evil doth avail;
And, from thy pure and unhurt Eminence,
Above Them all, doth make th' ill-minded quail!

WRITTEN

ON THE

THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER.

WRAPT in a Mantle of dark Clouds, the Year,
The Winds now sleeping, in dim Rest expires,
And Julius' Walls * send forth their flashing Fires,
And shake with Thunder our rejoicing Sphere:
The Days of Agincourt again appear,
Poictiers, and Cressy, where our warlike Sires
Saint George first planted on the Gallic Spires,
And Paris shook, that London was so near!
Bourdeaux, and Bayonne, view our tented Host,
Whose conqu'ring Horses drink their Streamlets dry;
The Netherlands to France again are lost;
The Rhenish Princes from her Banners fly:
Then line the Ramparts, while this glorious Toast,
Th' IMMORTAL REGENT! thunders to the Sky.

* The Tower, built by Julius Cæsar.

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